









## Wthe Plagues of Rozthomberland.

Den that the Moone, in Aosthomberland, After the chapage, in age well conne, with rife with force, then to with flande, The lyght and bright beames of the Sonne The forowfull dolers foone be gan,
Through Percies pryde to many a man.

But then a none the Wellmere Bull, Behelde the tylinge of this Poone, Thinking that thee had ben at full, he halled then a none full foone, With horse, and Bemes, and all his might, from partect dage, to becertaine light.

When they in one, confent were prift, with them was many an ignorant man. The Rompthe Lawes, they wold redeght Through councel of some blind Syr John. Who neuer knewe godes berpte, But to Rebellion then byd a gree.

for ifthey would of gods word knowen. Longe. per sthey have had tome, Rebellion then had not bour fowen. To bronge ther countre in fuch cryme, Their porton now, all men may fee, That buder Suger longe did lie.

This enterpiple to take in hand,
This enterpiple to take in hand,
This for to place a Rebelles parte,
In railinge by Aorthomberland,
But looke what leede, by hom is lowen.
With tharp lythes downe it was loone mowen.

That countre is, in full fore plyght,
That both a gaynft their pronce contend,
Seeking their owne dreams to redyght,
The popes precepts for to defend,
Lyke brutythe peruerft ignorant men,
That feekes before a lawe to ten.

This benym longe a breedinge was which in the Perlies brette did growe, The Suli in bellinge bid not cealle, Till that the poplon oute bid flowe So farr a broade the Areames did conne, That backe a gapne cold not refourne.

This hatefull porton longe was bybe, Taber the cloake of amptie, The outward Treasone was not spybe, But coverid with all courteste, Their close balawfull conspiracion, Dath brought them to great desolacion.

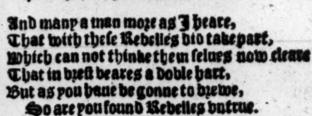


The hope butter was transpforre,
The which was in that clowdy Moone,
Der faile ectypes with all the glore,
Der tope buttable was ended some
Der sudden chapage now tells be all,
That Suger sweet was blent with Gall.

M What fate now more hom felfe affice, Longe here to four in quoetnes, What worldely tope mape here in dure, In those where is no stablenes, Wher Lords, and peries, in welch both slowe from their hye state must fall downe lowe.

Acto by their fall learne to be wyle, Both the and lowe in eche degree, Let no falle lyght decease your eyes, as it both done of late you fee. The falle beames of the glystinge spoone, Bow many a man it bath budoons.

A for in the north the did dine longe, But now eclipfed is het leght. The Weltmere Bull that held to aronge, Dee is depreupd of his myght, for many rongs of them will tell, Bow these to perles false did Bebell.



The countre cleane pou have budone, The Lord graunt ther fome better stape, Drels will many a mothers sonne, for this curife you a nother dape, you leave your woves and childrene beare, Lamentinge in most woful cheare.

Chow let be prape as we are bound,
all for our Ausenes byghe matere,
Chat these her enemies may confound,
and all that to Bebelles agre,
and plant true men by in their place,
Che Lord from beaven now grus her grace.

finis. Q. John Barber.

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